

SKETCHES
OF
LITTLE GIRLS

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CHILDREN'S BOOK
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THE PERSEVERING LITTLE GIRL

SKETCHES
OF
LITTLE GIRLS:

THE GOOD-NATURED LITTLE GIRL.
THE THOUGHTLESS, THE VAIN, THE ORDERLY,
THE SLOVENLY, THE FORWARD,
THE SNAPPISH, THE PERSEVERING, THE MODEST,
AND, THE AWKWARD LITTLE GIRL.

BY SOLOMON LOVECHILD.

FOURTH EDITION.

EMBELLISHED WITH SEVEN ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS.

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SKETCHES
OF
LITTLE GIRLS.



INTRODUCTION.

THERE is a pleasant little village, about twenty miles from London: I shall not mention its name, but it certainly is one of the prettiest places in the world; and contains some of the prettiest and best children, too, of any village of its size in all England, or Scotland either, for any thing I know to the contrary.

I have spent many pleasant days there; and as I happen to be very fond of hoop, blindman's-buff, trap-ball, skipping, kite-flying, and other popular juvenile amusements, you will not be

surprised to hear, that I and the younger sons and daughters of my various friends, soon became very well acquainted.

I was freely admitted into the play-ground, the school-room, and the nursery; and have great reason to believe I was somewhat of a favourite in them all, for I have often heard two or three merry little voices exclaim on my approach, "Oh, here comes Mr. Lovechild; now we shall have some fun!" And plenty of fun we did have, sure enough; as you would have thought, if you had heard the noise we sometimes made, although I am old enough to be grandpapa to my little playmates.

During my visit, last summer, I stayed great part of the time at the house of Mr. Tribe, the doctor, who had so many little ones, and so many

big ones too, that I really am puzzled to tell the exact number. Let me see; there was Miss Tribe, a tall young lady, about nineteen, and her brother, Mr. William Tribe, just one year younger; then there were Kate and Betsey, and Tom and Ellen, and four or five more, of all ages, down to the baby in arms, a fine little fellow, as round and rosy as an apple, and the pet of all the family.

Just at this time, there was a great talk about a book that has lately made its appearance in the world, called "Sketches of Young Ladies," which had become very popular, not only in London, but had found its way into every little town and village in the United Kingdom. But as it was intended principally for the grown-up young ladies, they kept it quite to themselves, so that

the little misses could only get a peep now and then; which was rather hard, as it seemed full of entertainment, and caused a great deal of laughing. Therefore, I thought it would be but fair that the little girls should have a book of their own, as well as their elder sisters; and I went home determined to do them justice, by dedicating a work to the "Little Ladies of Great Britain and Ireland;" taking my sketches from those who resided in my favourite village, for I am certain that no place affords a greater variety, or contains more interesting specimens of the juvenile community, than this: and I think it will be found that most little girls resemble one or the other of those I am about to describe.





THE GOODNATURED LITTLE GIRL.

THE

GOOD-NATURED LITTLE GIRL.

ELLEN TRIBE was one of my great favourites; she was so good-natured, and her face, although not particularly handsome, was always adorned with such sweet smiles, that many people thought her prettier than her sister Kate; who was quite a beauty, but certainly not so amiable.

The Tribes being so large a family, they cannot generally all go out together; but I have always remarked, that whenever there is any doubt about who is to go, and who is to stay at home, Ellen is sure to say, "Never mind me, mamma; let Jane go; or, let Tom go; I can go next time." And you cannot think how much better this sounds, than if she were to say, "I ought to go, mamma; Jane went last;" or, "I ought to go,

mamma, because I am older than Tom." She never seems to think at all about who is the eldest, or whose turn it is. If she sees that either of her brothers or sisters are very anxious to go, she is willing to give up to them.

One day, while I was there, a lady, who lived in the village, returned from Paris, where she had been staying a few weeks; and brought with her some little presents, for several of her young neighbours.

Among the rest was a white satin bag, very prettily worked with coloured silk, intended for Ellen Tribe; to whom it was sent, accompanied with a kind note, inviting her and two of her sisters, to join a party of young folks at tea, that same evening.

Ellen was delighted, both with the gift and the invitation, and came down stairs nicely drest, with her new bag in her hand, which we all admired very much. "Oh dear! I have forgotten my pocket handkerchief," said Ellen; and she laid

her bag on the table, while she ran up stairs to fetch it; but no sooner had she left the room, than her little brother Fred. upset the inkstand over the beautiful white satin bag.

Here was a disaster! Poor Fred. began to cry, and every body else exclaimed "What a pity!" Now many little girls would have been very cross on such an occasion; but Ellen was so sorry to see her brother in tears, that she forgot her loss; and you cannot think how charming she looked when, instead of scolding, she began to comfort him.

"Don't cry, Freddy, dear; it was an accident,—I dare say you could not help it,—never mind." And she wiped his eyes, and kissed him as kindly as if it had been something of his own that was spoiled.

I have often observed, that if any of the younger children went to bed without putting away their toys and books, Ellen would get up quietly, and take them out of the room, without

saying a word; for she knew it made her mamma angry to see any thing left about, and she never thinks about her own trouble, if she can save them from getting into disgrace. But you must not suppose she encouraged the little ones in their negligence: on the contrary, she never failed to tell them kindly of it, the next morning, and endeavour to point out, affectionately, the advantages of being careful and orderly.

Whenever any dispute happened among the children, they were sure to come to Ellen to settle it; and she never failed to restore them to good-humour with each other.

Such a happy temper endears her to every one; there is not a person in the village who does not love Ellen, and as it must surely be a great pleasure to be universally beloved, it is worth while to imitate her example; for although beauty and talents may excite admiration, they will never gain affection, unless they are united with good nature.

THE

THOUGHTLESS LITTLE GIRL.

FANNY TRIBE is about seven years old. She is one of the giddiest little girls in the world; and if it were not for the kindness of her sister Ellen, she would get punished much more frequently than she does.

Fanny never knows where to find a single thing when she wants it. As sure as ever she is called to say her lesson, she has to hunt for her book: and when the hour for sitting down to work arrives, you may always hear Fanny making such enquiries as these: "Oh, Kate, have you seen my thimble?" "Do you know where my needle-case is, Betsey?" "Dear me! I cannot find my scissors; can any body tell me where they are?" And as to her gloves and pocket-handker-

chiefs, they are to be met with in every part of the house; most commonly on the floor or the stairs.

I remember, one day, that Mr. Tribe had been looking every where for his pencil, which he had left in his own inkstand. "Has any one taken my pencil?" said he, in an angry tone: "have you seen it, Fanny?"

"No, papa,"

"Are you sure of it? now recollect yourself; for some one must have removed it out of this inkstand, as I know I left it here, this morning."

"No, papa, I have not seen it, I'm sure;" replied Fanny.

"I think I know where it is, papa," said Ellen. And she ran out of the room, and returned in a moment, with the pencil in her hand.

"Where did you find it, my dear?" said her papa.

"In the school-room;" answered Ellen.

"And how came it there?" said he; "one of

you must have taken it, and I insist upon knowing who it was."

Fanny now exclaimed, "Oh dear! yes: now I remember; I did take it this morning, to rule some lines, and forget to bring it back."

Mr. Tribe was very much displeased; for he had been hindered for full half an hour from proceeding with some very particular business, on account of the loss of this pencil; therefore, he would not take Fanny out for a ride that evening, although she had been promised to go.

But this disappointment had so little effect upon her, that the very next morning, when she was called to say her lessons, her grammar was no where to be found.

"Where did you learn your lesson, last night, Fanny?"

"In the school-room, mamma."

"Are you sure of that, my dear?"

"Oh, yes, quite sure," replied thoughtless Fanny.

“No, Fanny, you did not,” said little Fred. “I saw you learning your lesson after tea in the garden, and you were sitting on the seat under the lilac tree.”

“O la! so I was,” cried the giddy girl; “I declare I had quite forgotten it: then I dare say I left my book there.”

“If you did,” said Mrs. Tribe, “it must be quite spoiled, for it has been raining all night.”

Fanny ran to look; and there was the book, sure enough, in a fine state, soaked through and through with the rain.

“Now, this is so very careless, Fanny,” said her mamma, “that I shall insist on your buying a new one out of your own money.”

“I will take more care another time, mamma.”

“I hope you will, my dear; and in order that you may do so, I think it will be well that you should pay for it yourself, which will, perhaps, be a means of teaching you the value of the things you destroy so heedlessly.”



THE VAIN LITTLE GIRL.



There was no alternative: for Mrs. Tribe though mild, was firm, and Fanny was obliged to spend five shillings for the book; which at that moment was a serious affair; for she and three of her sisters had been saving up their pocket-money for some time, to buy an album each; and they had just made up the sum they wanted, when the unlucky grammar took five shillings from Fanny's hoard, leaving her terribly deficient.

What made the matter worse, was, that a favourite uncle, who was an excellent artist, was expected every day on a visit to the Tribes; and he had promised that if the young ladies were careful enough of their pocket money to be able to purchase an album or scrap-book, by the time he came, he would make some drawings in them; and they had been talking of this to all their friends; for there was not an album in the whole village that contained any thing half so valuable as a drawing by this gentleman.

However, Fanny was obliged to go without

hers; and I believe the vexation she felt on this occasion, did more towards her amendment than any thing that had ever happened before.

I am afraid there are many thoughtless little girls in the world besides Fanny Tribe; and I dare say, if they reflect on the subject, they will find that they are seldom guilty of carelessness without having cause to be sorry for it afterwards.



THE

VAIN LITTLE GIRL.

I DO not know anything that spoils a girl more than vanity. The most brilliant qualities lose all their charms, if their possessors show any consciousness of superiority over others; besides, vain persons are almost sure to be unamiable, because they are always thinking of themselves, and are, therefore, very apt to overlook the merit of others.

This is the case with Kate Tribe. She is very pretty, certainly, and seldom fails to attract the notice of those who see her for the first time; but few people admire her much on a more intimate acquaintance, for they soon find out that she is both conscious and proud of her own beauty, which makes it anything rather than pleasing.

Then she is often out of humour about trifles. She cannot bear to walk in the sun, for fear it should hurt her complexion; she hates to gather gooseberries in the garden, for a pudding or pie, because a thorn might chance to scratch her white hands: and if the wind happens to blow her hair out of curl, it makes her cross for the whole day: then, if I may be allowed to speak on such matters, I have more than once seen that pretty face disfigured with frowns because a frock did not fit well, or a bonnet was not of a becoming shape; and then I have thought to myself that a smiling countenance looks well under any bonnet, whether it be a fashionable one or not.

Who would not prefer a good-tempered face to a handsome one! Mamma has taken a great deal of pains to correct this failing, but all to no purpose. Kate evidently thinks herself the flower of the flock; and I am afraid it will be some time before she learns that beauty is of no value when it is coupled with vanity, or spoiled by affectation.

Talking of flowers, puts me in mind of a little incident that occurred just before I left the village, which highly amused me, although I am generally sorry when children meet with any mortification. However, in this case, I hope it will produce a good effect, and help to cure the vain little girl of a fault that often exposes her to contempt and ridicule.

All the young Tribes, except poor Fanny, had brought their albums in readiness for the uncle, whom I have mentioned before; and, the day after his arrival, they reminded him of his promise. He very good-naturedly took the books, saying that he would draw in each the favourite flower of its owner.

One chose a moss rose, another a lily, a third a dahlia; but Kate was so undecided, and changed her mind so often about what she would have, that her uncle at last said he would fix upon one for her.

I was present when the books were returned,

and witnessed the anxiety with which they were opened, and the delight that appeared on the several faces, as they gazed on their kind uncle's beautiful drawings.

The roses and lilies looked as natural as if they were growing in the garden, and every one expressed their pleasure and gratitude, except Kate, who stood quite silent, with her eyes cast down on the ground, and biting her lips with vexation. What do you think her uncle had drawn in her album? A portrait of herself, under which he had written, "This is the flower that Kate most admires."

Poor Kate! she was very much mortified indeed; and I understand she has locked the book up ever since: for she is ashamed to show it to any one, and her mamma will not allow her to cut the leaf out, hoping, I dare say, that this little lesson may make an impression on her mind. I hope so too.

THE

ORDERLY LITTLE GIRL.

IN a pretty white cottage, at the end of the village, there lives a lady named Contrast. She is an officer's widow, and has two daughters, as unlike each other in disposition, as they are in appearance. Eliza is one of the neatest little girls I ever saw. Her hair is always so smooth, her shoes so clean, and her dress all so nicely arranged, that it is quite a pleasure to look at her. Then, if by chance the lid of her work-box is left open, and one happens to peep in, every thing looks as if it was in its right place; her writing-desk is in the same order; and I never observed the least particle of dust on the little ornaments that decorate the mantle-piece, or the

keys of the piano, or any thing else of which she has the charge.

I spent a whole week at this cottage; and then I had an opportunity of remarking the striking difference between the two sisters, the one being as slovenly and idle, as the other is neat and industrious.

In fact, I was so pleased with Eliza, that if I could persuade her mother to part with her, I should like to adopt her as my own; for her father and I were cousins, so we are distant relations; and as I am a solitary bachelor, I want somebody, as I have no daughter, to sew on my buttons, mend my gloves, and keep the house in order.

Now, I have some money to leave behind me when I die, and I have taken a great fancy to this little maiden; but when I gave a hint to mamma about taking her away altogether, the tears started into the good lady's eyes.

“No, Mr. Lovechild,” said she, “it would

break my heart to lose Eliza; she is the only comfort I have now on earth: for Mary, although a good-hearted girl, is not clever and thoughtful, like Eliza, and could never supply her place."

I asked a number of questions about my little favourite; for you know an old man like me is privileged to be inquisitive; and all that I heard, served to strengthen the good opinion I had already formed of her.

I found she was dutiful, kind, and affectionate, as well as active and careful: so that her mother, who is in ill health, has very little trouble with the household affairs. Eliza manages every thing; and among the many excellent qualities that she possesses, is that of never being too late.

She is always ready for breakfast, always ready for school; whatever is to be done, you never have to wait for Eliza. Then she takes care to be in the room a little before dinner, to see that every thing is on the table that is likely to be wanted: and not only at dinner, but at every

other time, she is watchful of this: for instance, if her mamma says she is going to write a letter, Eliza directly looks if the sealing-wax and taper are in their places; for her sister is very apt to mislay such things; and would never think of looking for them, till the very moment they are wanted.

Eliza is never very gay, but she is always cheerful and contented; and although she never neglects any thing that ought to be done, she is quiet in all her movements; and does not annoy one by running and hurrying about, like many people, who pride themselves upon being notable, yet do very little except make a great bustle.

I do love order and regularity, certainly; and I believe the whole secret of it consists in doing every thing at the time it should be done, instead of putting it off. Never say, "I can do this to-morrow:" it is a bad habit, and is sure to keep a house in confusion. Do it to-day, if it ought to be done to day, for you will find it quite as easy,



THE SLOVENLY LITTLE GIRL.



and then to-morrow will be left free and unencumbered with business that does not belong to it.

Every day brings its duties with it, therefore, why should you leave the business of one day to be performed on any other? Does it save you any trouble? certainly not; for you have to do that which you have left undone, after all; and perhaps at the very time when you wish to be at liberty, or desire to do something else.



THE

SLOVENLY LITTLE GIRL.

MARY CONTRAST is the exact reverse of her sister: always in a hurry, yet never in time. When breakfast is half over, down comes Mary, her hair in papers, dress all open behind, no apron, collar pinned uneven; and looking like a very idle, untidy little girl.

“ Mary, Mary, what a figure you are!” says mamma; “ I am ashamed to see you: what is the reason you cannot get up when your sister does, and take your hair out of papers before breakfast?”

“ I did not know it was so late, mamma.” This is Mary’s constant reply; and I dare say it is true; for she never seems to take the trouble to know what time it is, although there is a clock in the

parlour. When she comes in from a walk, she takes off her bonnet and shawl, and puts them on a chair, or on the table; and there they might remain for hours, if her mother did not desire her to take them up stairs. I never saw Eliza's bonnet and shawl on the parlour table. I would venture a wager that the bonnet is always put in a box, and the shawl neatly folded, and laid in a drawer, as soon as she comes in.

“ Why do you not mend those gloves, Mary?” said Mrs. Contrast one morning.

“ I will mend them to-morrow, mamma.”

“ So you have said for the last three days, my dear, and they are not mended yet.”

“ I will be sure to do it to-morrow;” replied Mary: but when to-morrow came, I observed that the gloves were put on with all the holes in them, as before. One afternoon, we were going to take a walk to a farm-house, about two miles off, to drink tea, and eat strawberries and cream. It was a beautiful day, the sky was bright, and not

a single cloud to be seen. We were to go through a wood, in order to avoid the heat of the sun; and some little folks who live in the next house, were to be of the party. Well, we all set off in high glee, expecting much pleasure from the excursion: when, as Mary was getting over the stile at the entrance of the wood, a great hole was seen in her stocking. Here was a disgrace to a little girl who had been taught to handle her needle; but she had cause to repent of her idleness, for her mamma sent her back again; and as a punishment, insisted on her staying at home by herself, and darning the holes in her stocking by the time we returned. Perhaps this disappointment will be a lesson to her for the future, and teach her to mend her *stockings, and gloves too, in proper time.*





THE FORWARD LITTLE GIRL.

THE

FORWARD LITTLE GIRL.

I AM sorry to say there is a little lady in the village, who merits this very ugly title. Her name is Sophia, a pretty name too; what a pity the owner should have any bad quality to spoil it! I do not know any thing that is more attractive and more becoming in children, than modesty; they should never push themselves forward, or intrude their remarks, or endeavour to excite notice in any way; but wait till they are taken notice of, which they are sure to be if they conduct themselves in a manner suitable to their age. When I say they should never push themselves forward, I do not mean that they are not to behave with proper respect and attention to those who are present: for instance, they should be on the watch to see what they can do to be useful and polite, such as handing the toast, placing a

chair for a visitor, taking any lady's empty cup from her, if there is no servant in the room; and never sitting down till all older persons are seated. But Miss Sophia generally pops herself into the best seat in the room; and if her mamma does not happen to be present, to reprove her for such rudeness, there she remains, never dreaming of giving place to any one. Then she is very fond of joining in the conversation, no matter whether she knows anything of the subject or not; and I have even heard her give an opinion in opposition to people three times as old as herself, when it was quite impossible she could understand what she was talking about.

One day, myself and the clergyman of the village, were conversing on the present state of Europe, and he happened to give an opinion different from mine, on the subject of the French government. The little Miss, who was listening, said pertly:

“ I am of the same opinion as Mr. Lovechild,”

“ And pray how long have you had an opinion ?” said the clergyman, with a look of surprise.”

Instead of being abashed, Sophia said she knew a great deal about the French king, for she had heard her papa talk about him with Monsieur de Lille, and for her part, she thought he did not govern well at all.—And she would have talked much more nonsense, if the gentleman had not stopped her, by telling her it was a pity she did not also know how rude it was of little children to contradict grown-up people ; and that she had better go and play with her doll.

“ I have left off playing with dolls,” said Sophia, with an air of contempt, as she turned away from him and sat down by me. Now I thought this was a good opportunity of giving her a little advice ; but I very soon saw it was not at all agreeable to the young lady, and indeed I am perfectly aware that her parents are constantly reproving her for her excessive forwardness, but I am sorry to observe that neither

advice nor reproof have as yet had the slightest effect.

Sophia is clever, neat, industrious, and pretty; yet nobody likes her, for this single fault hides all her good qualities, so that she gains no credit for any one of them. Many clever children are apt to fall into the mistake of thinking they are equal in judgment to persons of mature age; but this can never be. We all know that clever children will acquire knowledge quicker than stupid ones; but wisdom and judgment are only to be gained by time and experience; consequently, those who have lived but ten years in the world, cannot possibly know as much as those who have lived thirty; for not only every year, but every day and hour adds to our knowledge, in one way or another. Children, therefore, must never presume to argue a point with their superiors in age and experience, nor fancy they are as wise now as they will be twenty years hence.

THE
SNAPPISH LITTLE GIRL.

“LET my book alone, William,” said Susan Crabbe, in a sharp tone, to her little brother,

“I am not doing it any harm;” replied William;
“I am only looking at this picture.”

“I don’t care what you are doing, I don’t like to have my things touched,” said the snappish little girl; so poor William shut the book, and quietly took up his slate again. I was now at no loss to guess why Susan so often looked sullen, and might be seen pouting at the window, or walking by herself in the garden, while her brothers and sisters were amusing themselves together, and I was determined to notice her general behaviour more particularly; for you must

know it always was one of my fancies to observe the various characters of the rising generation. Susan never did please me much, for I have a great dislike to a sharp voice in a female—it is always a sign of a vixen; I do not remember to have known a single instance to the contrary; therefore, I would advise my young friends to speak in a mild and gentle tone, for fear people should suspect them of not being good-tempered; and let them depend on the word of an old man, that good temper is one of the best of female virtues. But I was going to tell you that I went soon afterwards to spend an evening at the Crabbe's, and am sorry to say I am not mistaken in my opinion of Miss Susan. Every minute her voice was heard above all the rest, and it was always to find fault with something, or somebody. One of the little ones happened to take her seat while she was at the other end of the room: and although the next chair was vacant, and would have done just as well for her, she

the fable, that ran a race with the tortoise, they are left behind at last.

I was walking round the garden one fine morning in the summer, when, passing near an arbour, I heard some one, as I thought, reading aloud, so I had the curiosity to listen, and I soon found it was Jessie studying her French lesson.

“*Maison*, house,” said Jessie: “*Maison*, house—A mason builds a house; so, if I think of that, I shall remember that house is *maison* in French, because *maison* is very like mason.—*Arbre*, a tree. This arbour is formed of trees, and arbour will put me in mind of *arbre*,—so I shall not forget what a tree is.”

In this manner the little girl went all through her lesson, repeating each word a great many times, till she felt sure that she should not forget it. Just as she came to the last word, nine o'clock struck; and this being the hour for breakfast, her two sisters came running to find her.

“Why, Jessie,” said Louisa, “don't you know

your lesson yet? what a time you are? Clara and I knew ours an hour ago; for we heard each other, and did not miss a word."

"But you know that I cannot learn so quickly as you," replied Jessie; "however, I think I know it now," and shutting the book, she went in to breakfast.

At half-past nine, the little girls all went into the school-room; and as nobody minds me, I took the newspaper and followed them; for I wanted to hear which said her lesson the best; and, as I expected, Jessie knew it much more perfectly than the others, and for this simple reason, she had thought more about it, as she learned it, than they had.

This one little circumstance was enough to convince me that Jessie, dull and slow as she may be, will, by industry and perseverance, become a clever, well-informed girl: and I hope that she and I shall both live to see my prediction fulfilled. In the meantime, I would advise all my little

friends who are not very quick at learning, not to despair, and think they shall never get on; for I have seen many instances, in the course of my life, where industry has done a vast deal more than talent. Persevere, and you are sure to succeed at last.



THE

MODEST LITTLE GIRL.

ALTHOUGH a forward little girl may be so silly as to imagine she will attract attention, and gain admiration, by making a display of all she knows, and all she does not know; I can assure you that she is not half so much admired as Clara Emersley, who is so modest and so quiet, that you would not know she was present, but that she is sure to be asked for, and brought into notice.

“Where is my pretty Clara?” says somebody; when the modest little girl comes blushing from some corner of the room, and curtseys to the person that enquired for her. Then she replies in a quiet, lady-like manner to all that is said to her; for it does not follow that those who are diffident, should be awkward and bashful. There is no



THE MODEST LITTLE GIRL.



occasion for young people to look foolish, and feel embarrassed when they are spoken to; although it is very desirable that they should be neither bold nor flippant.

One evening, a large party of young folks and old folks were assembled to spend a merry evening at the Tribe's; and merry enough we were, I can tell you, for there was dancing and music, and forfeits, and I do not know what else besides. Perhaps you will be surprised to hear that I, old as I am, joined in a quadrille, and got through it, too, as well as some of the young ones; but a country dance is what I enjoy the most, and to please me, I believe it was proposed. All the married folks rose to join in this old-fashioned pastime, and the younger couples were of course moving down lower, to give place to them, when Miss Sophia pushed her way to the top, exclaiming: "I know a very pretty country dance; I will call it." But she was very properly desired to go down below all the married ladies; and I

observed that the elder young ladies made her also give place to them. I then looked at Clara, and saw that she had taken the last place of all,

As soon as the dance was over, Mrs. Tribe asked who would sing a song. The forward little girl immediately seated herself at the piano, although the eldest Miss Tribe was evidently looking over some music books, for the purpose of selecting something to sing. This was exceedingly rude, was it not? and I am sure every body thought so, for no one praised her performance, although it was very well for her age. Not so with Clara; when asked if she could sing, she modestly replied,—“a very little,” but it was found that she did sing very nicely, and every body was, indeed, much pleased with her, not so much because the song itself was pretty, but because she did not look as if she expected any applause.

Another circumstance occurred that evening, which still more forcibly exhibited the difference

between the modest little girl, and the forward little girl; and will, I hope, prove a lesson to the latter, and teach her that they who exalt themselves are sure to be humbled.

At nine o'clock, the lady of the house came into the room, and said: "Now, as my table is not large enough to accommodate all my guests at once, I must make two parties to supper; so all you little ones may come first."

At this welcome summons, a number of children ran down stairs to enjoy a plentiful supply of tarts and sandwiches; and although Clara was twelve years old, she followed them; while Sophia, who was but eleven, seated herself by some matronly ladies, to wait for the second party.

"Are you not going to supper, my dear?" said the lady next to her. "Not with the children," replied the little Miss. The lady smiled, and I smiled too; but at this moment Mrs. Tribe returned, leading Clara by the hand, and said

"I have room for one more at my juvenile

table, so I think it must be you, Sophia, for I believe Clara is the elder of the two, although she was so good as to come with the little ones."

I never saw a child look so mortified and vexed as Sophia did; but I own I was not sorry to see her thus humbled; and Mrs. Tribe told me, afterwards, that she did it on purpose to lesson her presumption, and show her that the modest and unpretending are more valued than those who are great in their own conceit.

If you would gain esteem, remember that "true merit is always modest," and although it never seeks to intrude itself, it is sure to be found out and rewarded.







THE AWKWARD LITTLE GIRL.

THE

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It is a very good maxim, that “whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.”—If it be only to shut the door, or stir the fire, we may as well do it in the best manner we can; for although you may suppose it does not signify how such trifling actions as these are performed, it does in reality make a vast deal of difference; for there are so many trifling things to be done in the course of the day, that if every one of them is done awkwardly, only think how much awkwardness will be exhibited in a short space of time,

When Charlotte comes into a room, she generally pushes the door to with her foot or elbow, which is anything but graceful: then, in drawing a chair to the table, she turns up a corner of the rug or drugget, so that any person passing is very likely to stumble, if they do not happen to see it. Her cup is frequently overturned, because

she does not move it a little on one side, when she reaches out her hand for the bread and butter; and I have more than once seen her upset her plate in her lap at dinner, by not taking care that it is far enough on the table. Now all these things make her appear very unladylike, and it would be quite as easy to shut the door with her hand, to place her chair properly, to put her cup out of the way, and her plate on the table.

If Charlotte hands the toast, two or three pieces are sure to fall on the carpet, or in the ashes; and I would venture to say, she never poured out a glass of water without spilling some of it.

The consequence is, that every body considers her a very awkward girl; yet I am convinced that it is only for want of a little care and thought. It does not require any great abilities to hold a plate of toast straight, or to pour water into a glass, instead of outside of it; but my notion of the matter is, that Charlotte never thinks about what she is doing, therefore it is all chance whether it is done one way or another.

An awkward boy is bad enough; but in girls we so naturally look for a graceful demeanour, that the absence of it is particularly unpleasing. In merely taking up a book, I have seen Charlotte lift it by one of the covers, so that all the rest fell open and swung back, which had the most awkward and disagreeable appearance possible.

One day, when the servant came to lay the cloth for dinner, her work-box was standing on the table, with the lid open; when, instead of shutting it, and moving it with both hands, she got up, and without putting down her work, lifted up the box, by the open lid, with one hand. The consequence was, that the weight of the box broke both the hinges, and down it went, with all its contents, on the floor.

I could tell you of a hundred more things of the same nature, that I have witnessed; but I hope these few will serve to show how much better it would be if Charlotte would only study to become a little more graceful.

CONCLUSION.

I HAVE now finished my Sketches of Little Girls; and as I have not mentioned the name of the village where they live, nor their own real names, I hope I shall not give offence to any of them; for I should be sorry not to be received in the same friendly manner as usual, when I next go down amongst them. Besides, I think they all have good sense enough to know that I only speak of their faults with a view to their amendment.

What a pleasure it would be to me to find, next summer, that Charlotte had lost the awkwardness which spoils every thing she does; that Sophia had grown more modest; Susan more amiable; and Mary more neat. I should be glad also to observe an equal improvement in Kate and Fanny

Tribe; particularly if their reformation was owing to the perusal of this little book.

If I should revisit the village, next summer, I may, perhaps, furnish you with a few sketches of the little boys,* also; and in that case, perhaps I shall take the opportunity of mentioning any alteration I may observe in my juvenile fair friends.

Till then, little Ladies of Great Britain and Ireland, I bid you farewell; and

With all good wishes, subscribe myself,

Your very sincere Friend,

SOLOMON LOVECHILD.

* *Our Author has published his "Sketches of Little Boys," which has already reached a third edition.*

